

# The KILROYS

10¢

*America's Funniest Family!*

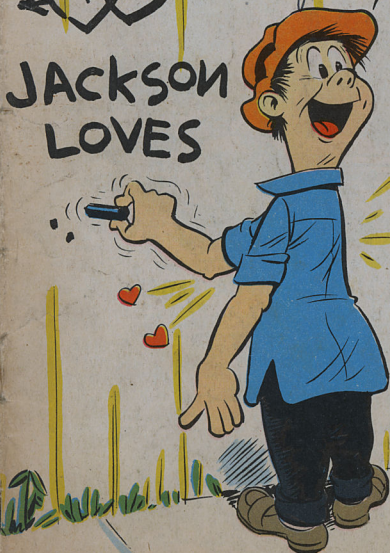
NO 27  
DEC.-  
JAN.

Featuring  
★ NATCH ★  
★ SOLID JACKSON ★  
★ MORONICA ★  
★ and THAT KRAZY ★  
★ KILROY KREW! ★

PARDON ME, MISS...BUT  
WOULDJA MIND TELLIN'  
ME YOUR NAME?

Sonya Carlson

←♥♥→  
JACKSON  
LOVES







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# GIVEN!

**ACT NOW  
MAIL COUPON!**

**BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!  
WE GIVE YOU CASH  
OR PREMIUMS!**

**JIM and  
BETTY FIND A NEW  
"TREASURE"**



WE  
ARE  
RELIABLE!

Candid Cameras  
with Carrying Cases,  
Radios (sent postage paid).  
Mail coupon to start.



55th  
Year

**OUR 55th YEAR**



Boys! Girls!  
Ladies! Men!



**ACT  
NOW  
55th  
YR.**

Loveable Dolls  
over 15" high,  
Cub Fishing Out-  
fits, Genuine 22  
Cal. Rifles, Daisy  
Air Rifles (sent  
postage paid).  
Give pictures with  
White CLOVERINE  
Brand SALVE sold  
at 25c a box (with  
picture) and  
remit per catalog  
sent with order to  
start. It's fun! Easy!  
We trust you!  
Begin at once!

**BE FIRST**



Boys-Girls Bi-  
cycles (sent ex-  
press charges  
collect). Mail  
coupon to start.

**NO  
MONEY  
NOW**

Packet Watches,  
Wrist Watches,  
Baseballs, Bats  
(sent postage paid).  
Other Premiums or  
Cash easily yours.  
To start, mail  
coupon for White  
CLOVERINE Brand  
SALVE and Pictures  
easily sold to  
friends, relatives,  
neighbors at 25c  
a box (with  
picture).



**YOUR BIG  
CHANGE!**

**LOOK!**



**START  
TODAY!**



Ukuleles, Jew-  
elry, Watches  
(sent postage  
paid). Mail  
coupon to start.

**BIG CATALOG!**

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets,  
Bibles, Billboards, Telescopes,  
Roller Skates, Blankets, Alumi-  
num Ware, Record Players,  
Movie Machines (sent  
postage paid).  
Push coupon to start!



**WE  
ARE  
RELIABLE**

**MAIL NOW!**

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. AM-27, Tyronne, Pa. Date.....  
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art  
pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand  
SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit  
amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or  
keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium  
wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....  
St..... RD..... Box.....  
Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST  
NAME HERE

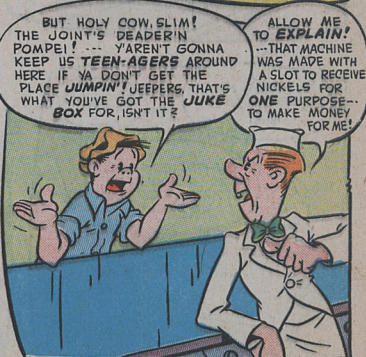
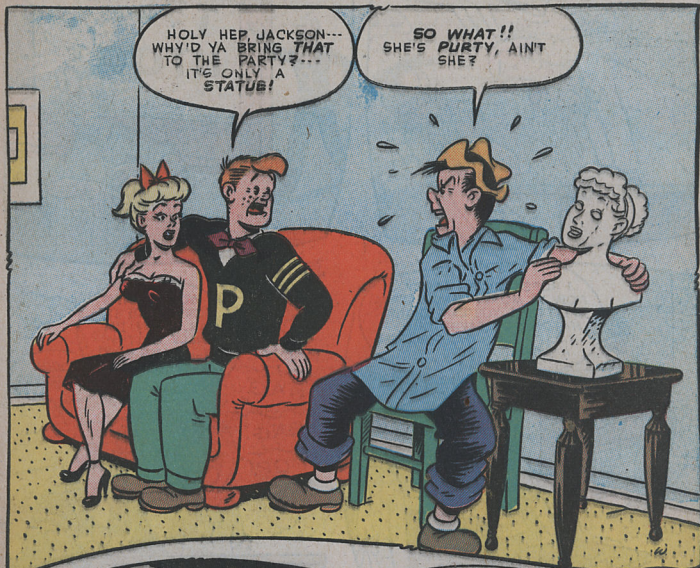
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



# SOLID JACKSON

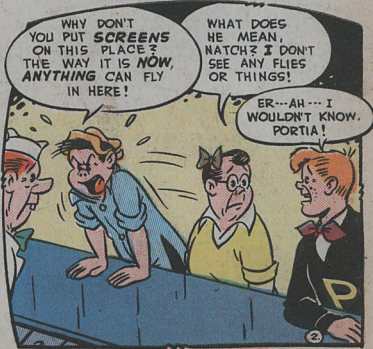
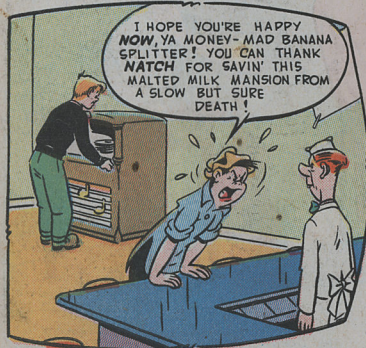
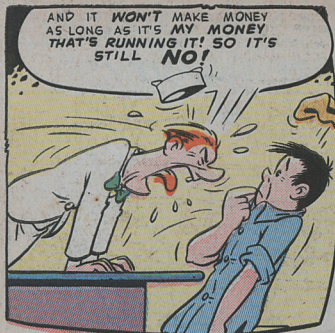
in

## "A GOOD JUDGE OF BEAUTY"

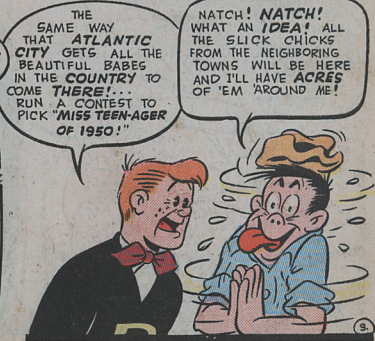
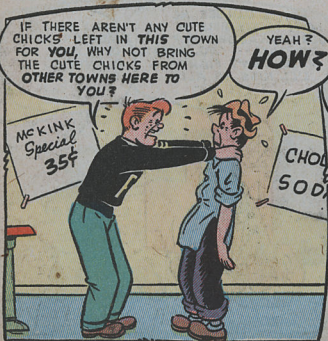
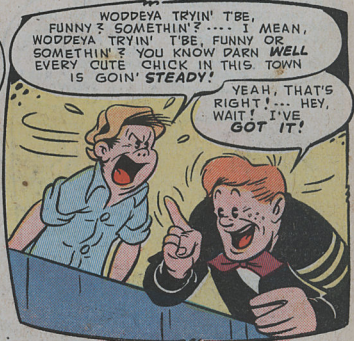
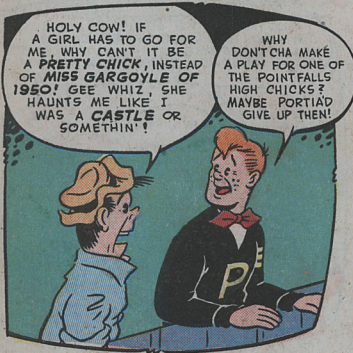
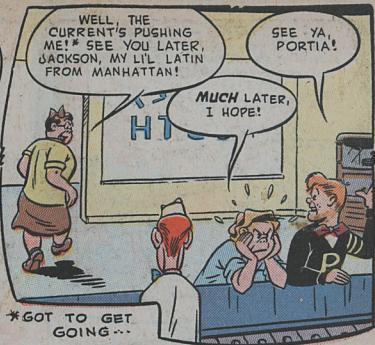


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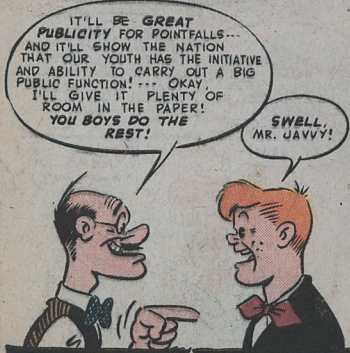
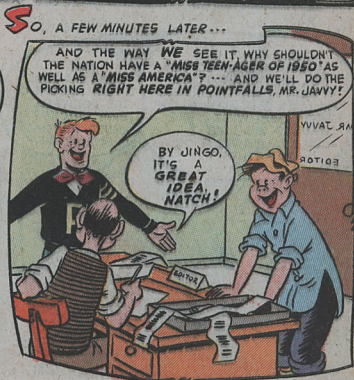
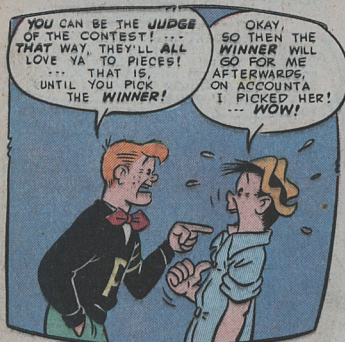




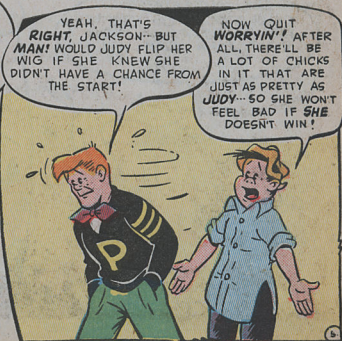
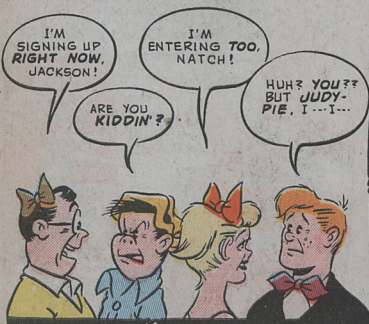
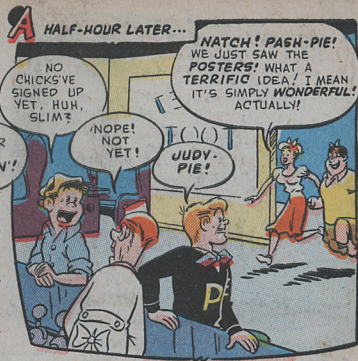
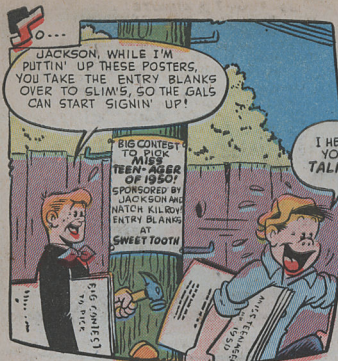














**M**ORE TIME PASSES!

I'LL HAVE AN ENTRY BLANK SLIM!

HI, JACKSON!  
HI, NATCH!

HI, NATCH!

'LO, JACKSON!

HOLY COW, NATCH, THIS ISN'T WORKIN' OUT AT ALL! THESE CHICKS I KNOW--AND THEY ALL GO STEADY!

WAIT'LL THE NEWS GETS AROUND TO THE OTHER TOWNS. DOPE!

**S**. THE NEXT DAY DAWNS...

EVERY GIRL IN POINTFALLS SIGNED UP BEFORE I CLOSED LAST NIGHT, AND---

JEEPERS, NATCH, LOOK! HERE THEY COME! PRETTY GIRLS! HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

SO YOU'RE NATCH KILROY--THE ONE WHO STARTED THE CONTEST!

I'M AGNES, NATCH!

WHAT A MAN!

YEAH!

I'M FROM DADO CITY, NATCH! I'M ENTERING!

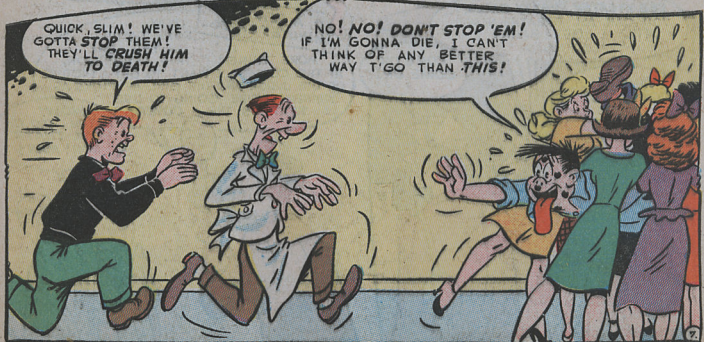
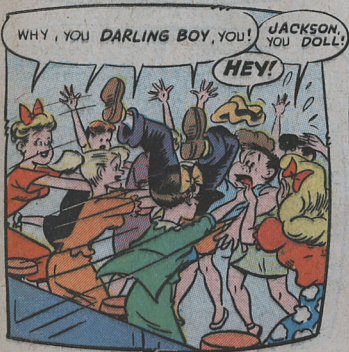
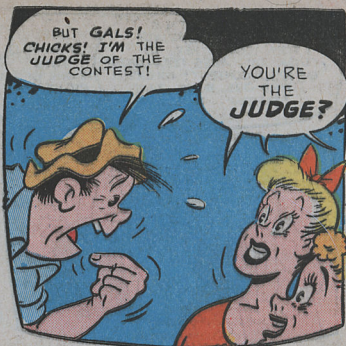
HEY! HEY, PRETTY GIRLS! WE'RE PARTNERS! WE BOTH STARTED IT! I'M JACKSON, PRETTY CHICKS! HEY, LOOKIT! IT'S ME, JACKSON!

GEE WHIZ! THESE CHICKS COME ON LIKE THEY'RE DEEF! ... THEY DON'T EVEN SEE ME!

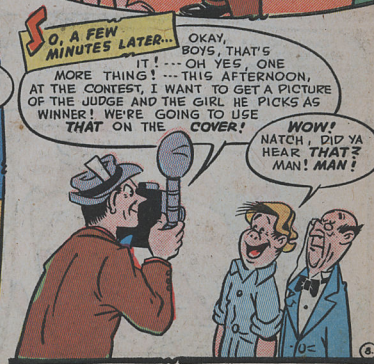
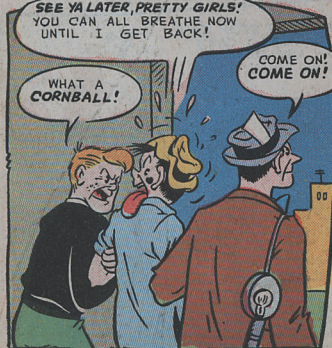
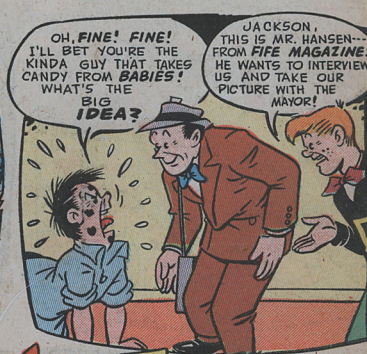
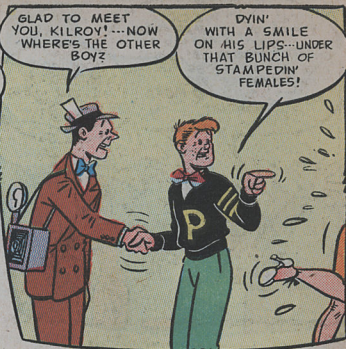
I'VE GOTTA GET THEIR ATTENTION! HEY, GALS! PRETTY CHICKS, ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

GET DOWN OFF MY COUNTER!







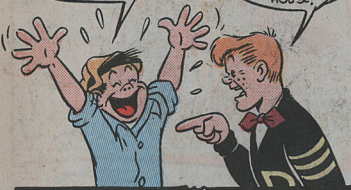




**NATCH!**

THIS IS IT! THE CHICK  
I PICK WILL BE **MAD** ABOUT  
ME, BECAUSE I GOT HER PICTURE  
ON **FIFE MAGAZINE!** SHE'LL  
LOVE ME TO PIECES FOR  
THE REST OF HER  
LIFE! **WOW!...NO MORE.**  
**PORTIA!**

OKAY,  
OKAY! NOW  
LISTEN! GO ON  
HOME AND CLEAN  
UP AND MEET  
ME AT MY  
HOUSE!



**1** MINUTES LATER...

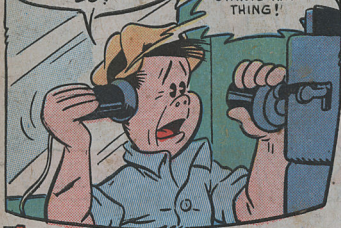
JUST A MINUTE, KID!  
ME LITTLE SISTER'S IN DIS  
CONTEST AND SHE'S PRETTY **CUTE!** NOW, I  
WOULDN'T WANT **YOU**SE TO DO ANYTHIN'  
TO HURT HER FEELIN'S! AND IF **YOU**SE DO,  
I'M GONNA **WORK 'YA OVER!**



**2** SECONDS LATER...

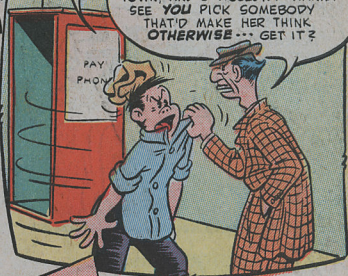
I TELL YA, NATCH,  
HE AS MUCH AS SAID  
I BETTER PICK HIS  
SISTER, OR HE'S GONNA  
GIMME THE **WORKS!**  
WHAT'M I GONNA  
**DO?**

LISTEN,  
JACKSON, YOU GO  
RIGHT AHEAD AND  
PICK WHO YOU  
WANT! THERE'S  
**TWO** OF US, AND  
**WE** CAN HANDLE  
HIM IF HE  
STARTS ANY-  
THING!



NATCH  
IS **RIGHT!**  
WE CAN...

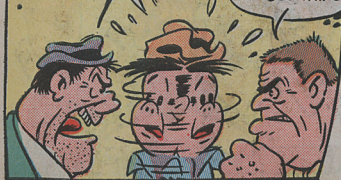
**HOLD IT, SONNY BOY!** I'VE  
GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YOU!  
...MY GAL, ALICE, THINKS  
SHE'S THE PRETTIEST GAL IN OUR  
TOWN, AND I WOULDN'T WANNA  
SEE **YOU** PICK SOMEBODY  
THAT'D MAKE HER THINK  
**OTHERWISE...** GET IT?



**3** AND THREE BLOCKS FURTHER ALONG...

Y'ALL GOT IT **STRAIGHT**, PUGNOSE?  
HER NAME'S **LILYBELLE**...AND **WE-ALL**  
ARE HER **COUSINS!** WE THINK SHE'S  
A RIGHT **PURTY** GAL, AND WE  
WOULDN'T WANT **YOU** TO CHOOSE SOME-  
BODY THAT'D MAKE US THINK WE  
DON'T KNOW A **PURTY** GAL  
WHEN WE SEE ONE!

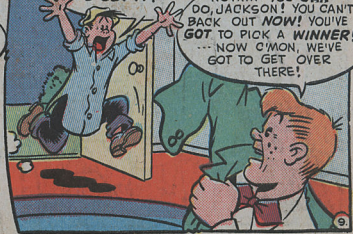
AN' IFN  
YOU DO THAT  
...**CURTAINS!**



**FINALLY...**

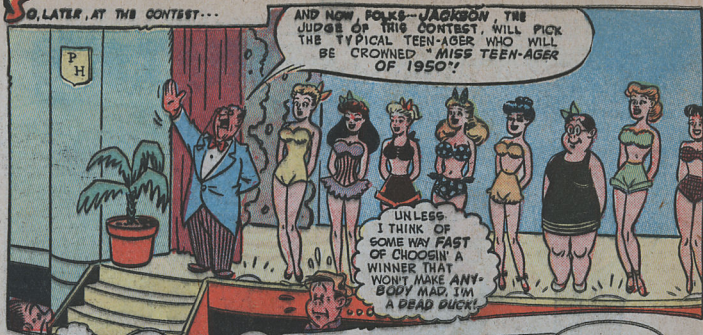
HOLY COW,  
NATCH! WHAT AM I GONNA  
**DO?** OVER TEN GUYS HAVE  
THREATENED ME! NO MATTER **WHO**  
I PICK, I'LL HURT **SOMEBODY'S**  
FEELIN'S! AND THEN...  
...**BLAM!**...  
**I GET IT!**

THERE'S  
NOTHIN' YOU **CAN**  
DO, JACKSON! YOU CAN'T  
**BACK OUT NOW!** YOU'VE  
GOT TO PICK A **WINNER!**  
...NOW C'MON, WE'VE  
GOT TO GET OVER  
THERE!



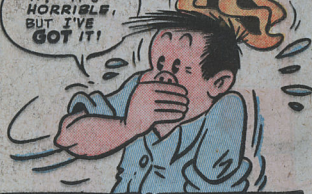


**SO, LATER, AT THE CONTEST...**



**BLOOEY!**

I'VE GOT IT! IT'S HORRIBLE, BUT I'VE GOT IT!



**LOVER-LIP!**

I CHOOSE **PORTIA KARLOFF!**



**AND SO... LATER...**

I'M GLAD YOU WON, PORTIA! AFTER ALL, ALL TEEN-AGERS AREN'T BEAUTIFUL, GORGEOUS CREATURES --- AND I THINK YOU'RE A TYPICAL TEEN-AGER!

THANKS, JUDY! AND DON'T YOU THINK JACKSON AND I LOOK CUTS ON FIVE MAGAZINES?

I'M NOT ONLY BACK WHERE I STARTED FROM--I'M WORSE OFF THAN BEFORE!

LOVER-LIP TO SHOW YOU THAT I THINK YOU'RE WONDERFUL, TOO, I'M GOING TO BUY YOU 2 MALTS!

AND SO IT SHOULDN'T BE A TOTAL LOSS --- I'M GONNA ACCEPT 'EM! I MIGHT AS WELL START ENJOVIN' MY FATE!

**ATTA-BOY, JACKSON!**





# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE  
FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL  
RURAL  
AIRPORT,  
TWO  
CUNNING  
SCHEMERS  
WATCH A CROP-  
DUSTING  
PLANE  
TAKE OFF  
FOR  
FARMER  
JONES'  
FIELDS...

WE DID IT, BOSS!  
THAT PILOT DOESN'T  
KNOW IT - BUT HE'S  
GOT A SPRAY-TANK  
FULL OF PLANT KILLER  
--NOT BUG POISON!

WELL, JONES WANTS HIS  
CROPS SPRAYED--AND I  
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS  
OUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF  
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB  
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--



FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE  
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I  
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED  
BIKE AND CATCH UP  
WITH THAT PLANE!



HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY  
THE CROPS-- GOTTA  
STOP HIM BEFORE HE  
DOES TOO MUCH  
DAMAGE!



ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE  
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST  
--SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING  
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!



WHAT'S GOING  
ON DOWN--  
S-T-O-P--  
GUESS I'D BETTER  
LAND AND SEE  
WHAT IT'S  
ALL ABOUT!

LATER...

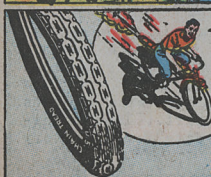


MR. JONES, I HATE  
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE  
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT  
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S  
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE  
JET SIGNALS!

AND THANKS TO THE  
SPEED OF THE BOYS  
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND  
THIS PLOT ARE NOW  
BEHIND BARS!



FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED-- SURE  
FOOTING-- AND SPLIT- SECOND  
CONTROL --YOU CAN'T BEAT  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,  
WITH THAT SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--  
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-  
IN SKID CHAIN"-- SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS  
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, Surer  
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET  
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

**U.S. ROYAL**  
BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# Miss CALLIE SLOCUM!

ONE MINUTE, Callie Slocum was an adorable fifteen-year-old girl, and the next minute, she had become a glamorous woman of the world! What wrought this extra-sudden change in Callie? Why, the new boy in town, of course! For the minute Callie set eyes on him, she decided that it was foolish and undignified to wear jeans and a sweater and a mop of curls that danced on her head as she walked. Why, it was positively *childish* to be interested in such things as riding her bike or running up a good bowling score! From the moment Callie saw that boy, she became *Miss Callie Slocum*!

"Let's see now," she pondered in front of her mirror. "I could smooth my hair down and pull it all over to one side. *That's* very sophisticated! And I could borrow mother's long, dangly earrings. Wonder if I still have that pair of high heels I wore to the senior dance? They hurt a little bit...but I can get used to them!"

It was a new role for Callie, this femme fatale pose. But the new young man had awakened a great and lively interest in her and she meant to do something about it. Hence, it was an entirely different Callie, slick and chic, who emerged from her house and went slinking down the street, a bit unsteady on the unaccustomed high heels. Trailing an aura of perfume, her eyelids lowered heavily, she sauntered slowly past the house where the new boy lived.

"He's there...on the porch... he can see me...I know he'll ask someone who I am..." Callie's side-long glances had spotted him immediately. She waited for a sudden look of interest to come into his face. Instead, he looked very blank and seemed to see right *through* her!

There was no getting around it, Callie was annoyed. But she didn't

give up so easily. For one whole week, she carefully observed her routine, trailing past the new boy as glamorously as a movie star. But the new boy was either near-sighted or just not interested, for he managed to disregard her thoroughly!

One afternoon, as Callie was looking through her closet for something special to wear, her hand came upon a hard, bulky, metal object. A roller skate! She pulled it out, as well as its mate, and looked rueful.

"Gosh, I haven't been skating in weeks, it's so childish!" she thought.

"I wonder if I remember how. One little whirl won't hurt if he doesn't see me!"

The skates were fastened on and Callie pushed off down the block, gathering speed as she went. The wind put the curl back in her hair immediately, her eyes glowed and her cheeks turned pink. Faster and faster she went, exhilaration filling her. And then...panic!

"A wheel's loose!" she realized. "Stop me!" she shouted. Blindly she reached for the first obstacle and smacked into it, full force. Down went Callie in a tangle of arms, legs, wheels, but cushioned by the support of the person she had smacked into.

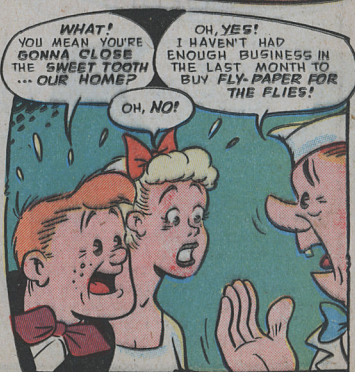
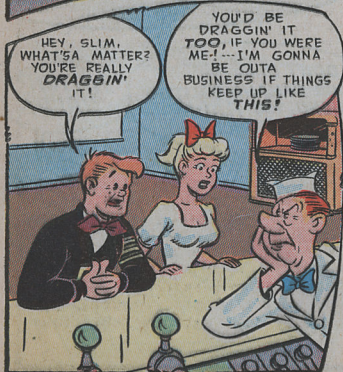
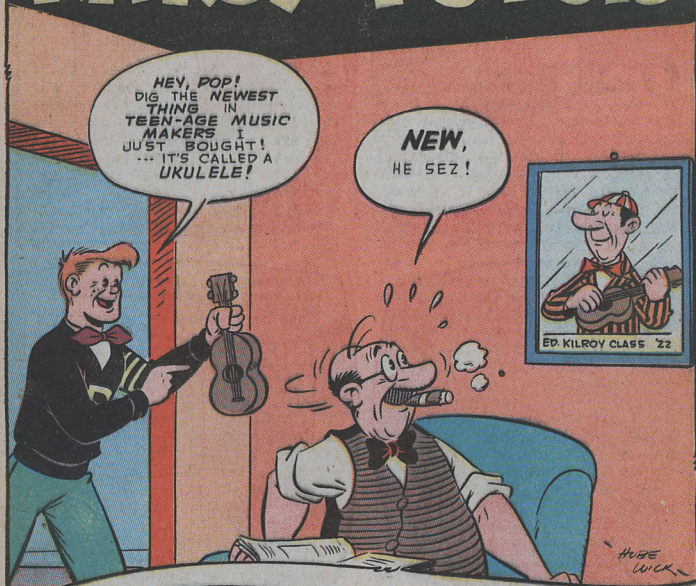
Callie blinked her eyes. It was... him! Weakly, she started to apologize, but the young man was gazing at her in great interest. "Say, why haven't I met you before?" he demanded. "This town seems to be full of painted-up magazine models! I haven't seen a *real* girl in weeks!"

"He doesn't recognize me," Callie thought. "And what's more, I won't tell him!"

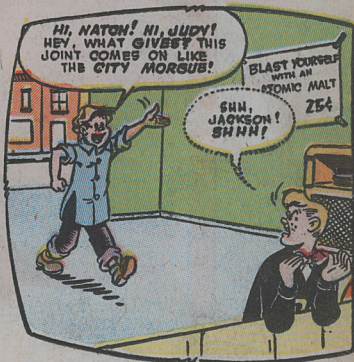
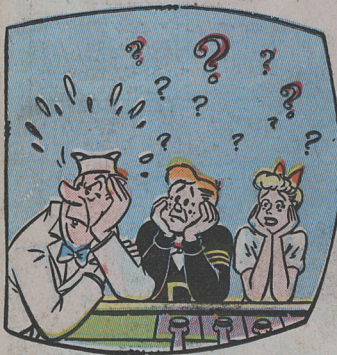
Which was a very wise decision on Callie's part...leading directly to a date for that very night!



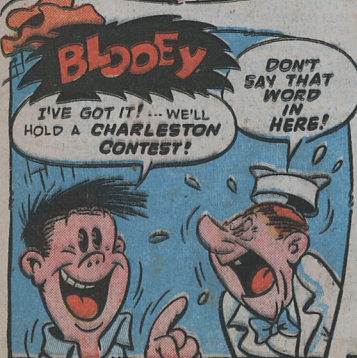
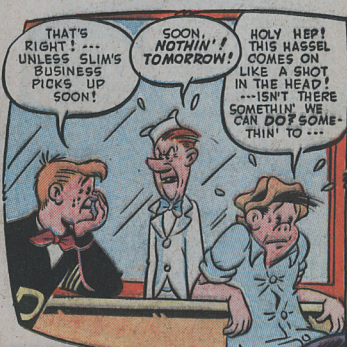
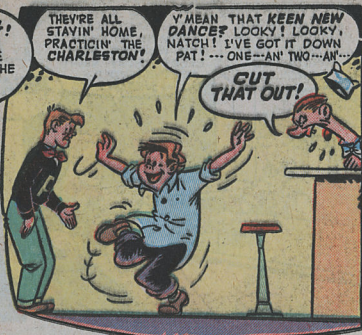
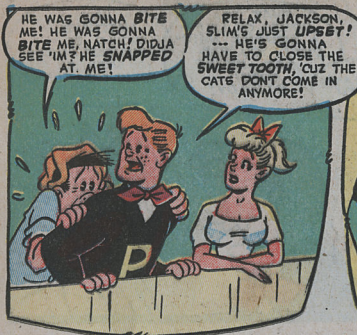
# KILROY KUT-UPS



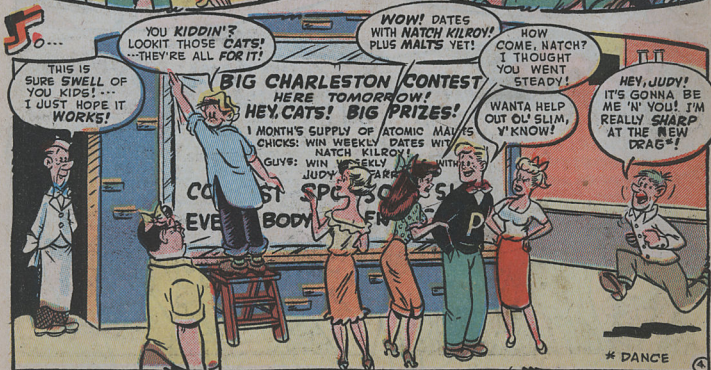
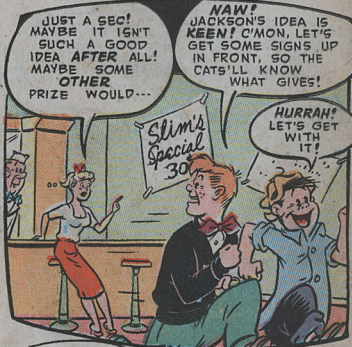
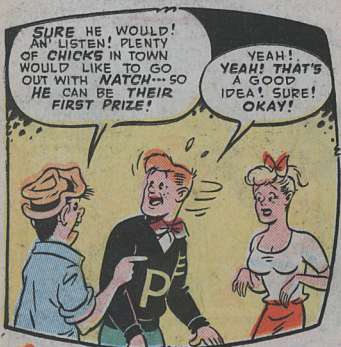
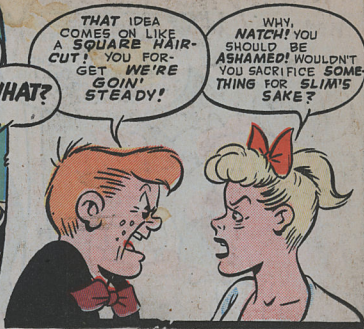
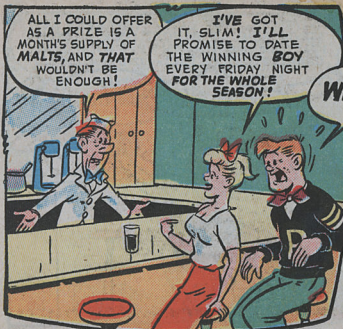




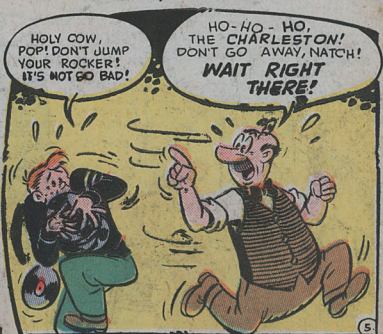
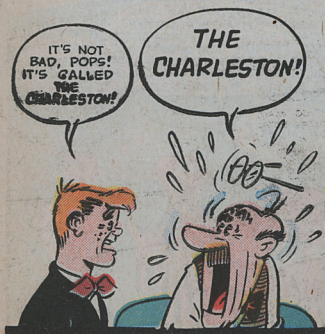
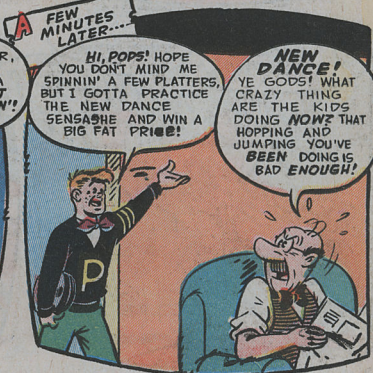
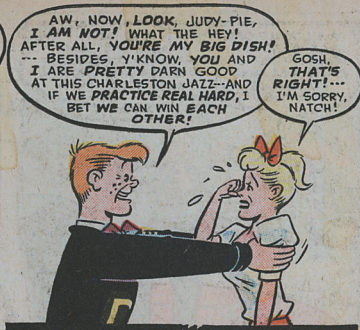


















**M**

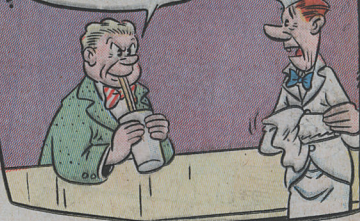
MEANWHILE, AT THE SWEET TOOTH...

NOW, YOU LISTEN TO ME, EDGAR KILROY! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE IN YOUR SECOND CHILDHOOD AND YOU'RE TOO OLD TO STILL BE IN YOUR FIRST!... YOU'RE NOT ENTERING ANY CONTEST, SO PUT THAT CUP AND BLAZER BACK IN THE TRUNK!

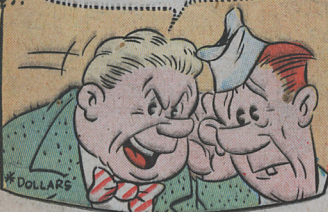
OKAY, EMMA! OKAY!

Y'KNOW, SLIM, IF THE CATS SHOULD LOSE THEIR NERVE AND NOT SHOW UP TONIGHT FOR THE CONTEST, YOU'D STILL LOSE THE SWEET TOOTH, WOULDN'T YA?

YEAH... YEAH, I GUESS I WOULD, WILBUR!



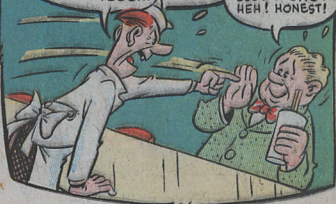
WELL, LISTEN! I CAN SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T LOSE THE SWEET TOOTH! MATER AUTHORIZED ME TO OFFER YOU A GIFT OF 2000 \*GEETAS! ... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO, AS JUDGE, IS PICK ME THE WINNER, SO I WIN THE DATES WITH JUDY! ... OKAY?



\*DOLLARS

WHY, YOU CHEAP HEEL! I WOULDN'T PULL A DIRTY TRICK LIKE THAT ON A BUNCH OF SWELL KIDS IF I LOST THIS PLACE OR NOT! NOW GET OUT OF HERE! I'M GONNA SPRAY D.D.T. AROUND AND YOU MIGHT JOIN YOUR INSECT FRIENDS ON THE FLOOR!

OKAY, SLIM, OKAY! RELAX! IT WAS JUST A GAG! HEH! HONEST!

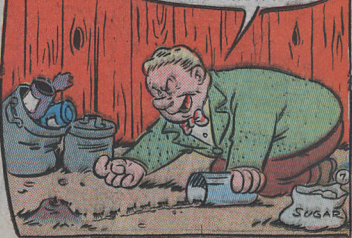
**M**

MINUTES LATER...

WELL, IF I CAN'T WIN THOSE DATES WITH JUDY, I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT NATCH DOESN'T EITHER! AND I KNOW HOW TO DO IT, TOO!



C'MON, LITTLE ANTS! FOLLOW THE SUGAR INTO THE TIN CAN... THAT'S IT! ... HEH-HEH! I'LL PUT THIS MESS OF ANTS IN NATCH'S PANTS JUST BEFORE HE STARTS! ... THAT OUGHTA FIX HIS WAGON!





**S** O, THAT NIGHT...

ER---EMMA, DO YOU MIND IF I JUST GO DOWN WITH THE CHILDREN AND WATCH THE CONTEST?

AW, WHY NOT? LET 'IM COME, MOM, IF IT'LL GIVE HIM HIS JOLLIES!

HMM! WELL, ALL RIGHT!

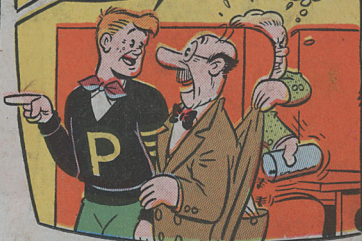


**S** OME TIME LATER...

**NEXT CONTESTANT, KILROY!**

THAT'S ME, POP!

HEH--- HERE GOES!



**YEE- IPE! WAHOO!**

ULP! I GOT 'EM IN THE WRONG PANTS!

WHAT TH---??

MAN, IS HE HAVIN' A BALL!

NO DOUBT ABOUT THE WINNER, KIDS! **NATCH KILROY'S POP!**

**YEE-OWW!** ...I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

JEEPERS, IS HE GOOD!

HEY, WAIT, POPS! YOU WON!



**MINUTES LATER...**

NOW THAT NATCH'S POP IS BACK, I HEREBY AWARD HIM THE PRIZES!... HE SAYS HE DOESN'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, HE JUST SUDDENLY GOT ANTS IN HIS PANTS!... THE GIRL WINNER IS PORTIA!

PASH - PIE, YOU WON ME!

YEAH, AND PORTIA WON ME--GO I'M GIVING HER JACKSON INSTEAD!

LOVER-LIP... YOU'RE MINE!

NATCH, AS I'M MARRIED, I'LL GIVE YOU MY PRIZE!

**AND SO...**

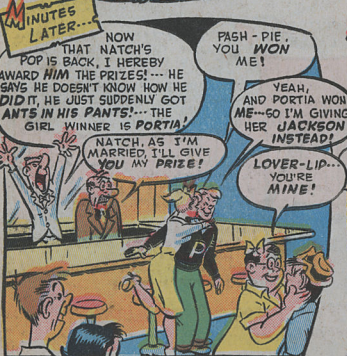
CHEER UP, JACKSON! DON'T FORGET I ALSO WON A MONTH'S SUPPLY OF MALTS!

AH, BUSINESS! BUSINESS! IT'S WONDERFUL!

HEY, THAT'S RIGHT! SLIM! RUSTLE ME UP 2 WEEKS OF MALTS!

I DON'T KNOW WHY WE WORRIED ABOUT DANCIN' IN PUBLIC WHEN NATCH'S POP TOOK A FLING AT IT!

YEAH!



The End



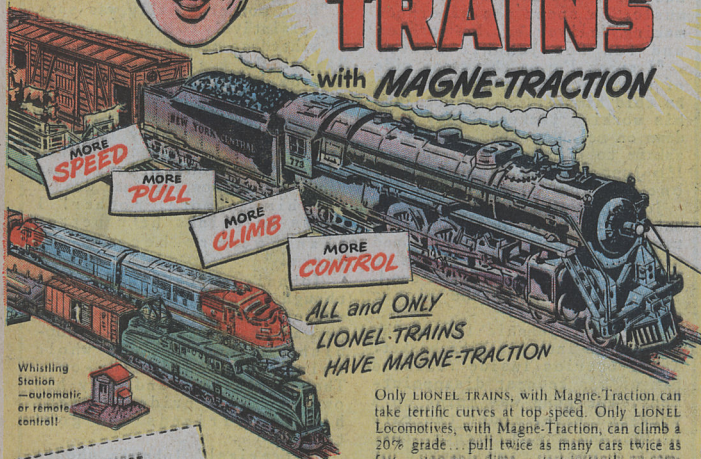


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**WRONG**

# **SIDE of the FENCE**

**J**OHNIE BAKER felt the resentment mounting within him as he entered his dad's grocery store. It wasn't the work he minded. It was just that...well...after school, while all the other kids went out and had cokes and listened to juke music, he spent the afternoon making deliveries. No parties and fun for Johnnie Baker!

"I guess I'm on the wrong side of the fence for those snobs!" he told himself, as he got into his working jacket. "They look down on me. Why, they won't ever ask me to join 'em in anything. I'm just not good enough to be one of the crowd!"

Johnnie's dad interrupted his unhappy thoughts by pointing to two large bags of groceries and saying, "Deliver these things to Mrs. Clarence first thing, son! They need 'em for the picnic tomorrow!"

Suddenly, Johnnie lifted the heavy bags into his bike basket. The groceries inside reminded him of his keenest disappointment. The gang was going on a week-end hike, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence. Boy, what a swell time they'd be having! Johnnie could imagine how good everything would taste after a long mountain climb in the clean, bracing air. He could imagine the shouts of laughter, the jokes, the fun! Of course, he hadn't been invited to join in.

"Guess they don't want to cross over to the wrong side of that fence!" Johnnie thought, pedalling his bike furiously. "Well, I'll show 'em that I don't care!"

Braking his bike to a halt, Johnnie parked it against a fence and started up the back

walk of the Clarence house, bundles in his arms. He walked up the back steps and was about to rap on the screen door, when something made him stop short. It was the sound of his own name, being spoken by Sally Clarence.

"But, mother," Sally was saying plaintively to Mrs. Clarence, "I wanted so much to ask Johnnie Baker. He's a nice boy! But I know he'd refuse! He's so stuck-up!"

Stuck-up! He, Johnnie Baker! He could hear Sally telling her mother how he had resisted all invitations a long time ago. "And so now, we just don't ask him anymore, mother! I guess he thinks he's better than we are because he works!"

Johnnie shook his head as though to clear his brain for action. The gang thought that he was stand-offish and snobbish! He had had the whole thing twisted inside-out. They wanted him and only his own stubborn pride had kept him from friends and good times!

"Groceries!" Johnnie shouted, as he rapped on the screen door.

"Oh, come in, Johnnie," Mrs. Clarence said cordially.

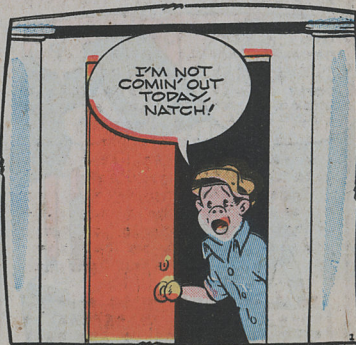
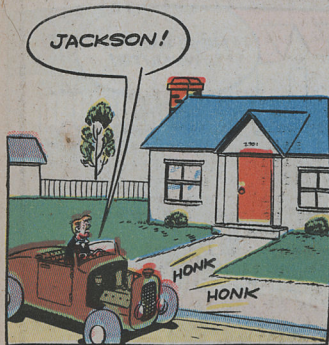
Johnnie entered the kitchen and set the bundles down on the table. He realized that he had a tough job ahead of him, but he knew that he might as well get started on it at once.

"Er...Sally..." he said, looking at the pretty, blushing girl, "I've got something to say to you."

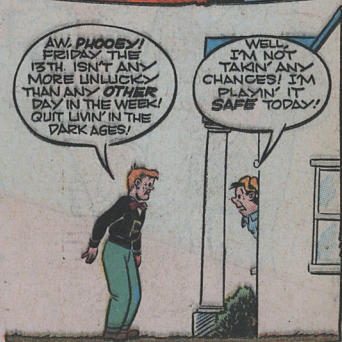
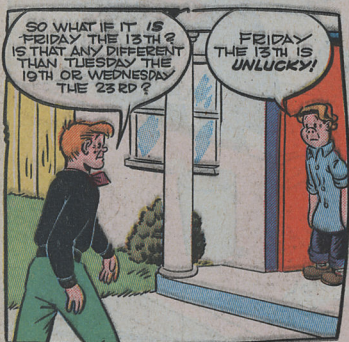
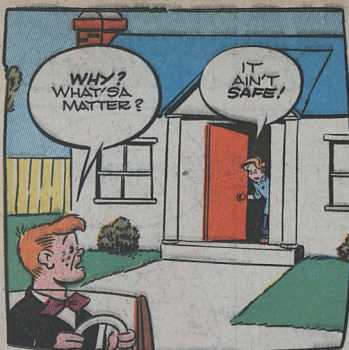
"I'm listening, Johnnie," she answered.



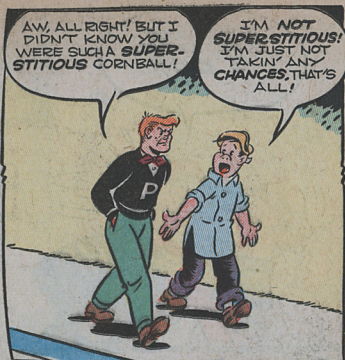
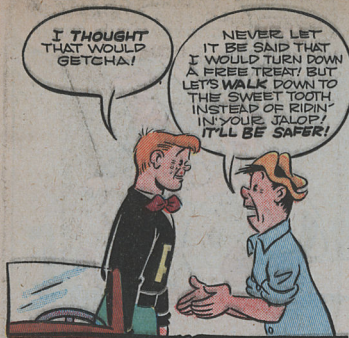
# KILROY-KAPERS



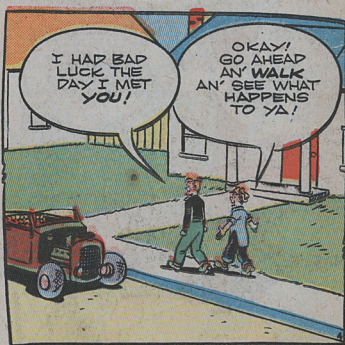
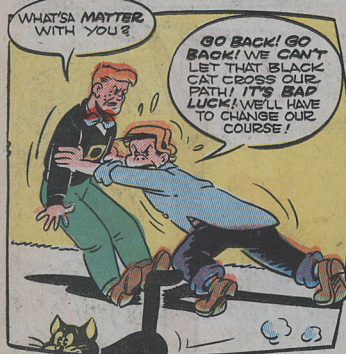
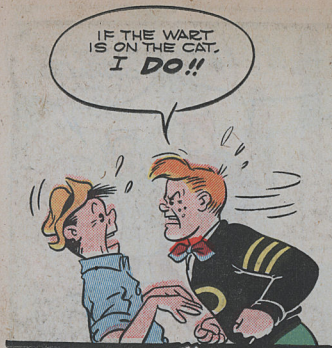




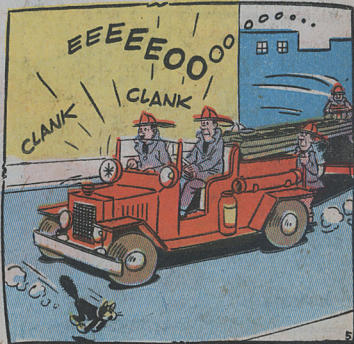
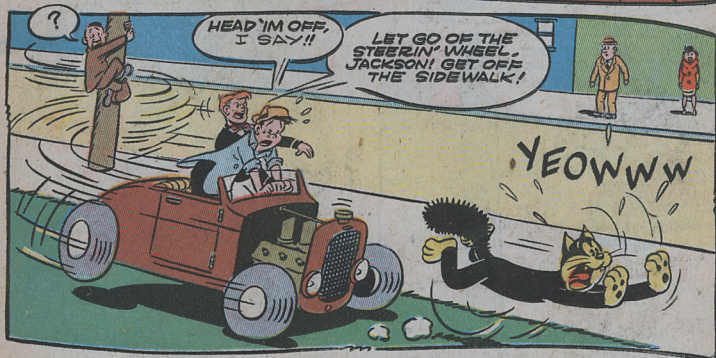
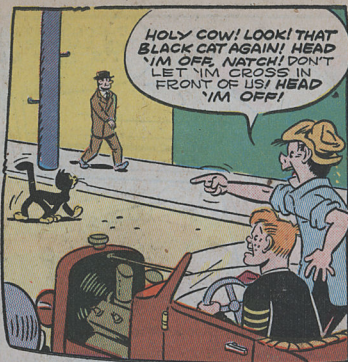
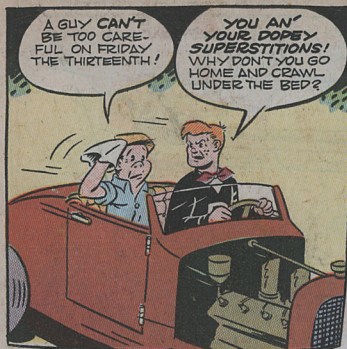


















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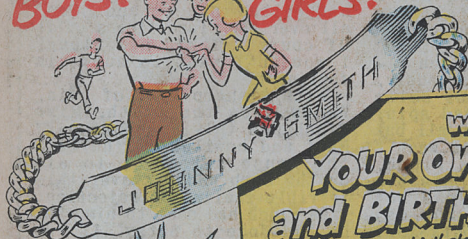


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# Puppy LOVE

**I**T TOOK Woody Palmer only five minutes to fall in love with Miss Finch. True, Miss Finch was twenty-two or twenty-three years old, and Woody was almost seventeen... but that didn't seem to matter. Miss Finch had *glamor*!

Dreamily, Woody compared the glamorous Miss Finch with Betsy Algood, who wore angora bobby socks and scuffed saddle shoes. "A baby!" Woody thought scornfully, although up until then, Betsy had been his one-and-only swoon-girl! "She's got to grow up! But Miss Finch!"

In a poetic cloud, Woody saw Miss Finch come tip-tapping down the street on her high, spikey heels, moving in an aura of perfume, her dangly earrings catching the light as they moved. For the past two weeks, he had hung around Miss Finch's porch, bringing her all the candy and flowers his allowance could buy. They weren't much, of course, but Miss Finch always accepted them graciously, smiling her wonderful smile that made Woody's head spin.

As for Betsy, he had all but forgotten her. When he wasn't hanging around Miss Finch, Woody would loll on his own front porch, as he was now doing, dreaming of the day that he would be twenty-four and old enough to propose.

A sweet little voice, slightly puzzled, slightly hurt, cut into Woody's reverie. Annoyed, he looked down to see Betsy coming up the steps.

"Woody Palmer," she was saying, "it's Saturday night, remember?"

"What of it?" Woody asked, not really caring.

Betsy was really hurt this time, no mistake about it. "Why... why, we've had a date every Saturday night for the past six

months," she said. "I...I just thought..."

"Betsy, you're just a child! An infant almost!" Woody said, in what he meant to be a kindly tone. Betsy turned red and then white. Tears sprang to her eyes as without a word, she turned and walked quickly away.

There was a hint of remorse in Woody's heart. But she *had* to know the truth. And besides, there was a light in Miss Finch's living room. That meant she was home and he could call on her. Vaulting off his porch, Woody slicked his hair and made for the home of the glamorous one.

He was half-way into the entrance hall, when he realized that Miss Finch had company. She was laughing heartily and talking about someone. "He's really the cutest kid," she was saying. "He has a crush on me! Brings me cheap little boxes of candy and wilted flowers and moons all over the place like a calf! Of course, I kid him along! I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings!"

With a sharp stab of pain, Woody knew the truth. Miss Finch was talking about *him*! Hurt and bewildered, he left the house silently, to sit on the curb and get over this terrible feeling of rejection. Miss Finch had done to him what he had done to Betsy. It was *awful*!

Through the mist in his eyes, Woody made out a pair of scuffed saddle shoes, planted next to him. He looked up to see Betsy standing there, a sympathetic expression on her face. "It...it's Saturday night," she said softly, and a great weight was lifted from Woody's heart.

This was his girl. She understood him and liked him!

"Let's go, Betsy," he said, returning her smile.

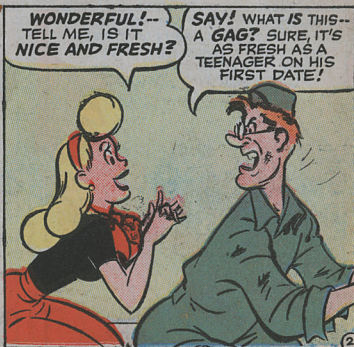
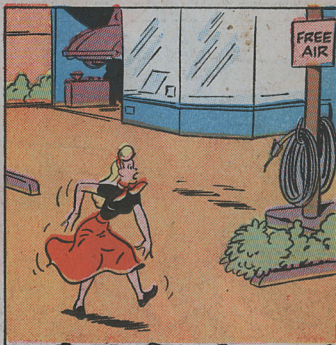
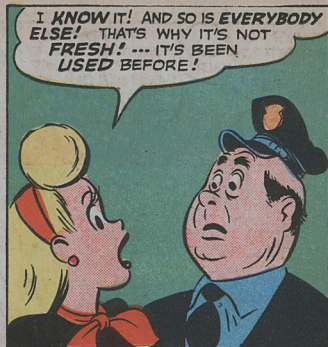
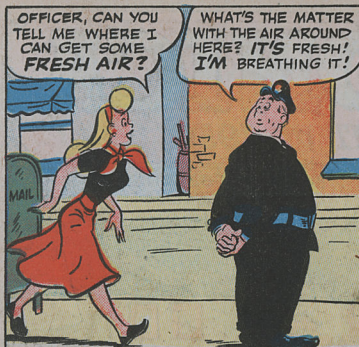


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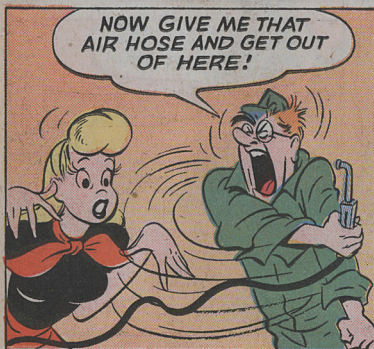
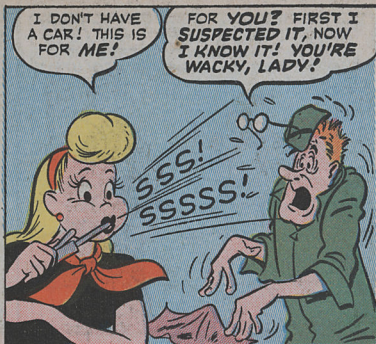
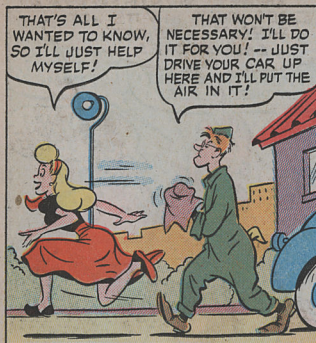
Miss NITWIT of 1950



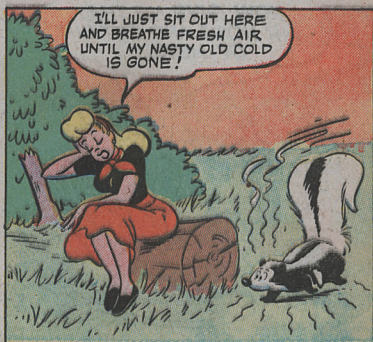
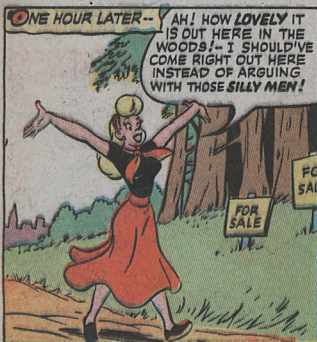




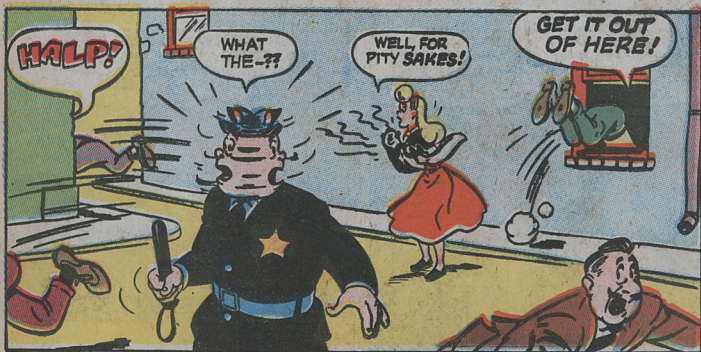




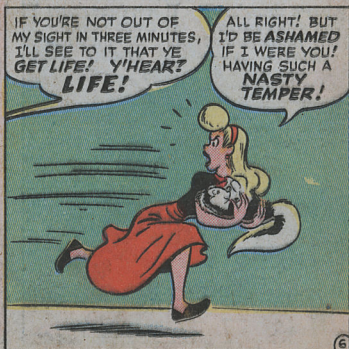
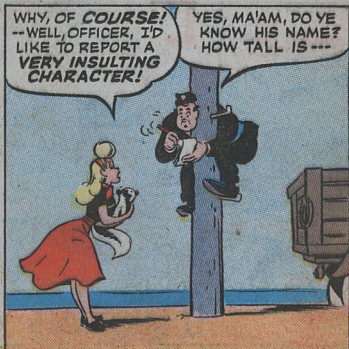
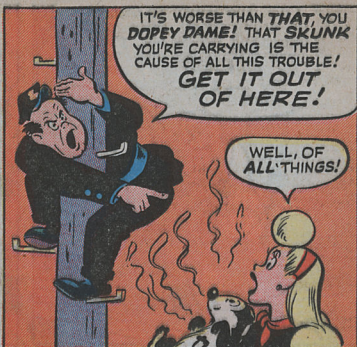




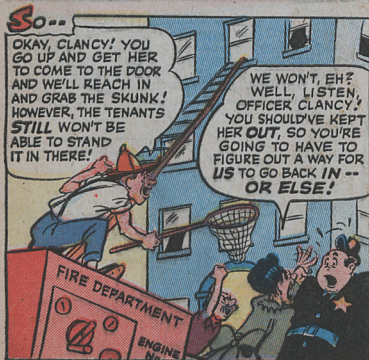
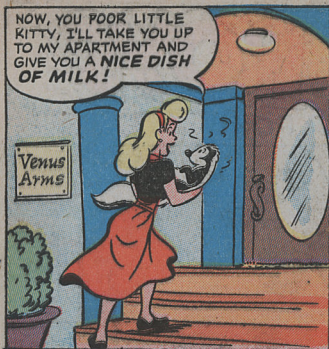








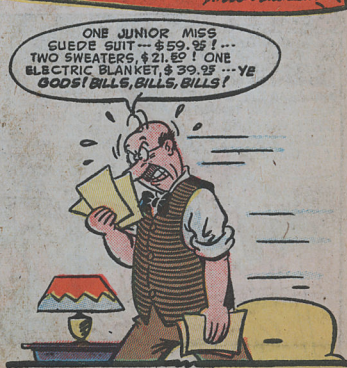
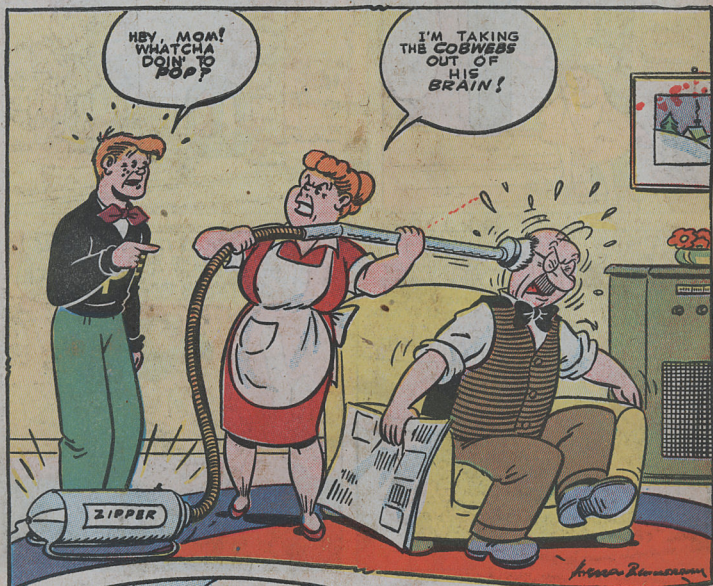




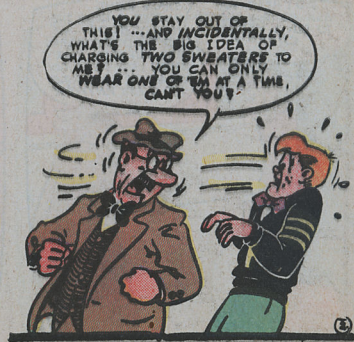
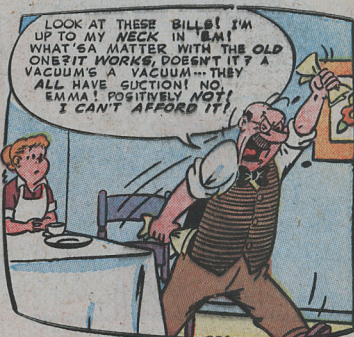


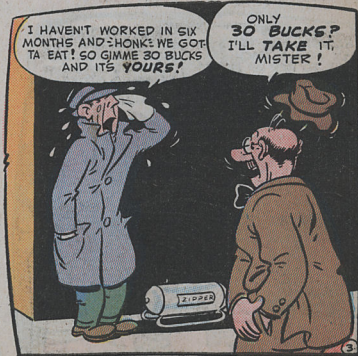
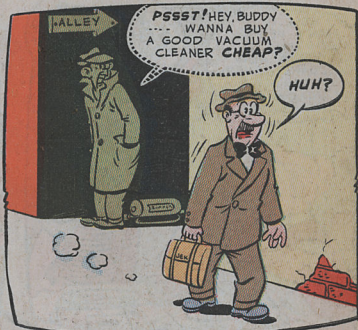
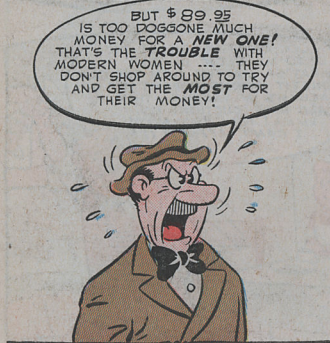
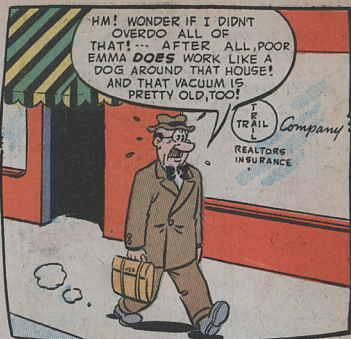
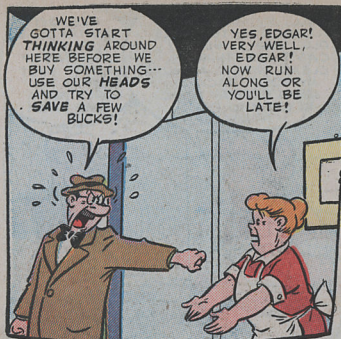
# The KILROYS

"PIG IN A POKE"

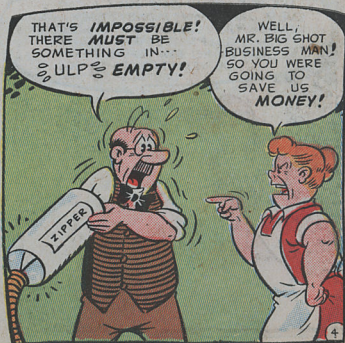
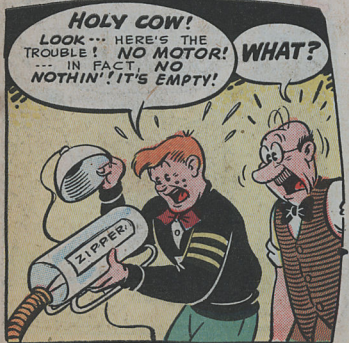
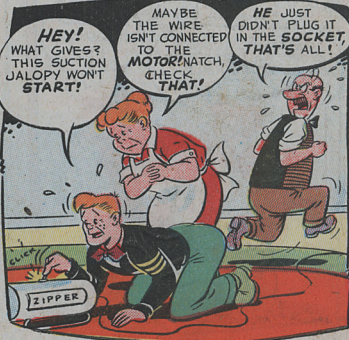
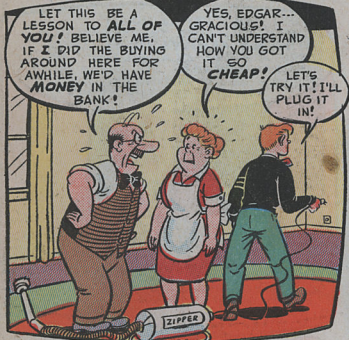
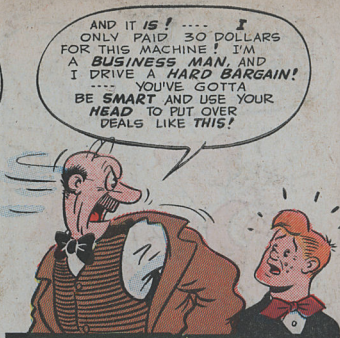
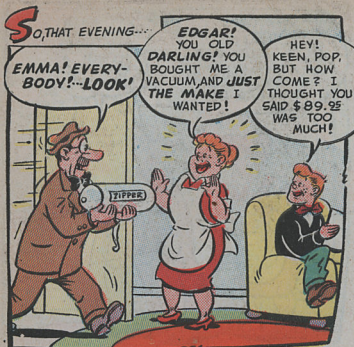


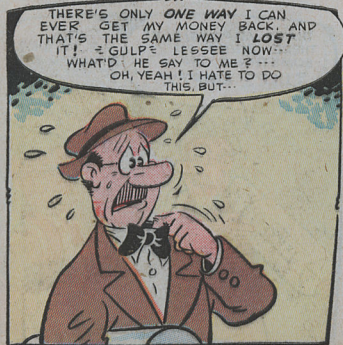




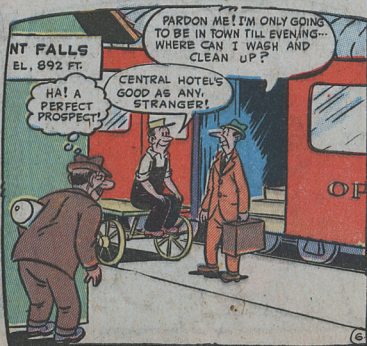
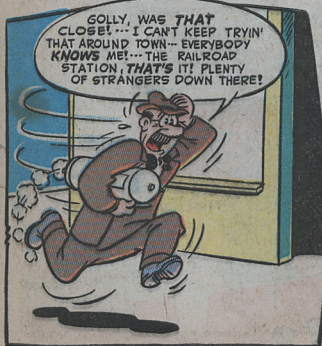
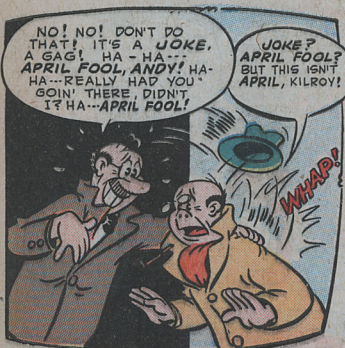


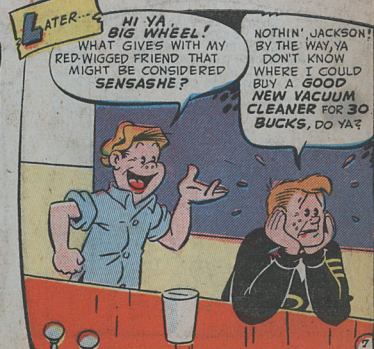
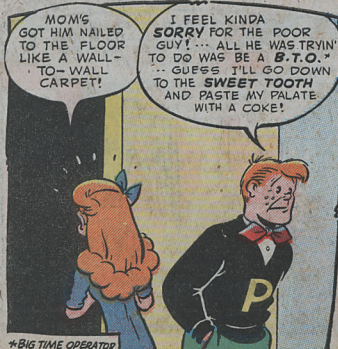
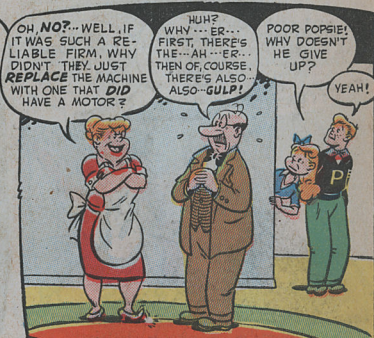
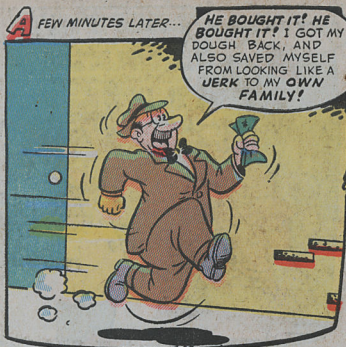




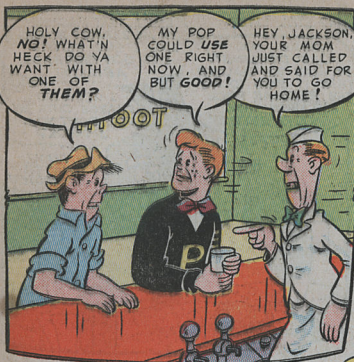








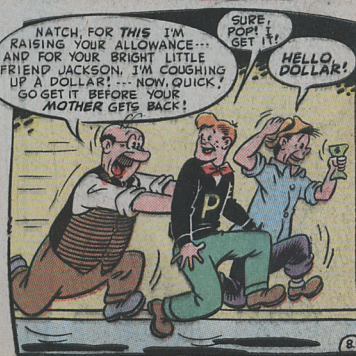
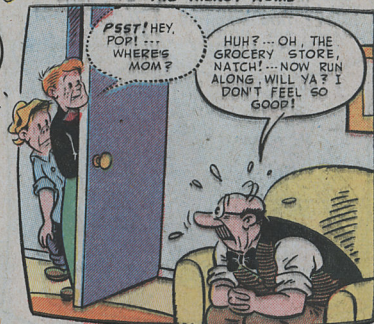
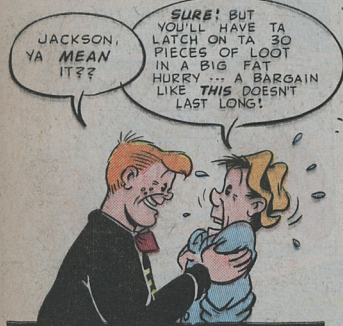




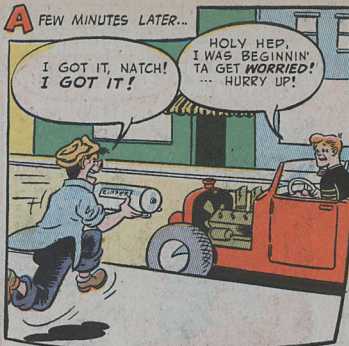
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



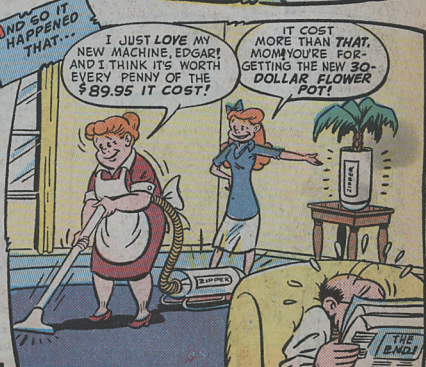
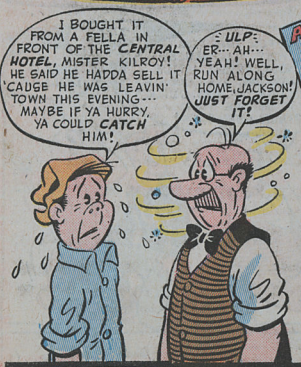
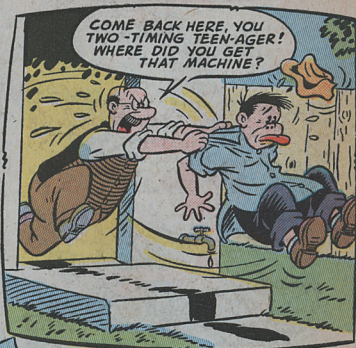
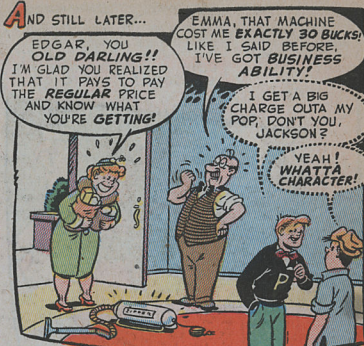
SO NATCH AND JACKSON HURRY BACK TO THE KILROY HOME...



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER...



**A**ND STILL LATER...





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Year	Model	Spark Plug	Engine Oil	Cap. (Gallons)
1935-36	1500	16	10W	10
1935-36	1800	16	10W	10
1935-36	2100	16	10W	10
1935-36	2400	16	10W	10
1935-36	2700	16	10W	10
1935-36	3000	16	10W	10
1935-36	3300	16	10W	10
1935-36	3600	16	10W	10
1935-36	3900	16	10W	10
1935-36	4200	16	10W	10
1935-36	4500	16	10W	10
1935-36	4800	16	10W	10
1935-36	5100	16	10W	10
1935-36	5400	16	10W	10
1935-36	5700	16	10W	10
1935-36	6000	16	10W	10
1935-36	6300	16	10W	10
1935-36	6600	16	10W	10
1935-36	6900	16	10W	10
1935-36	7200	16	10W	10
1935-36	7500	16	10W	10
1935-36	7800	16	10W	10
1935-36	8100	16	10W	10
1935-36	8400	16	10W	10
1935-36	8700	16	10W	10
1935-36	9000	16	10W	10
1935-36	9300	16	10W	10
1935-36	9600	16	10W	10
1935-36	9900	16	10W	10
1935-36	10200	16	10W	10
1935-36	10500	16	10W	10
1935-36	10800	16	10W	10
1935-36	11100	16	10W	10
1935-36	11400	16	10W	10
1935-36	11700	16	10W	10
1935-36	12000	16	10W	10
1935-36	12300	16	10W	10
1935-36	12600	16	10W	10
1935-36	12900	16	10W	10
1935-36	13200	16	10W	10
1935-36	13500	16	10W	10
1935-36	13800	16	10W	10
1935-36	14100	16	10W	10
1935-36	14400	16	10W	10
1935-36	14700	16	10W	10
1935-36	15000	16	10W	10
1935-36	15300	16	10W	10
1935-36	15600	16	10W	10
1935-36	15900	16	10W	10
1935-36	16200	16	10W	10
1935-36	16500	16	10W	10
1935-36	16800	16	10W	10
1935-36	17100	16	10W	10
1935-36	17400	16	10W	10
1935-36	17700	16	10W	10
1935-36	18000	16	10W	10
1935-36	18300	16	10W	10
1935-36	18600	16	10W	10
1935-36	18900	16	10W	10
1935-36	19200	16	10W	10
1935-36	19500	16	10W	10
1935-36	19800	16	10W	10
1935-36	20100	16	10W	10
1935-36	20400	16	10W	10
1935-36	20700	16	10W	10
1935-36	21000	16	10W	10
1935-36	21300	16	10W	10
1935-36	21600	16	10W	10
1935-36	21900	16	10W	10
1935-36	22200	16	10W	10
1935-36	22500	16	10W	10
1935-36	22800	16	10W	10
1935-36	23100	16	10W	10
1935-36	23400	16	10W	10
1935-36	23700	16	10W	10
1935-36	24000	16	10W	10
1935-36	24300	16	10W	10
1935-36	24600	16	10W	10
1935-36	24900	16	10W	10
1935-36	25200	16	10W	10
1935-36	25500	16	10W	10
1935-36	25800	16	10W	10
1935-36	26100	16	10W	10
1935-36	26400	16	10W	10
1935-36	26700	16	10W	10
1935-36	27000	16	10W	10
1935-36	27300	16	10W	10
1935-36	27600	16	10W	10
1935-36	27900	16	10W	10
1935-36	28200	16	10W	10
1935-36	28500	16	10W	10
1935-36	28800	16	10W	10
1935-36	29100	16	10W	10
1935-36	29400	16	10W	10
1935-36	29700	16	10W	10
1935-36	30000	16	10W	10

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